

in Maine, where fireflies glow
 at dusk
Love at the edge of Witch
country.

Land we can't
go back to never,
on this rocky road we
ran right in to

The Storm.

Fought Love's demons,
now we're boxed down
gone to Hell.

God

Help us

Lovers who split up
day of the Eclipse, last
Saturday.

-- Clive Matson

Lawrence Leaves Arabia

All that has happened and what will happen now
Shall appear mysterious and remain incomprehensible
To people who do not know that Asian deserts
Are unimaginable to alien eyes that are not directly
scanning them;

To those whose flesh is reasonable to thought
And liberal of intelligent alleviation
(For it seems to me that mind is not a bondage
And the consolation of Philosophy a hoax;)
To those who do not know how the degree of failure in England
Might in an Arab's mathematic be the full measure of success,
Which is not an English life beyond the extents of dream:
To those who do not know how much and can not know what

I loved in line

That lying fallow in some consternation
Was the intensity without hiatus of that face,
Who do not know what happy eyes are or what direct fury is.
The problem of the prosaist who has all fantasy at his
tongue's tip

Opposed to the soldier with all fantasy in his fortune
Is refreshing because it is neglected rather than new.
Unspoiled fearlessness and total fear are the same:
The pariah's withdrawal. Or so it seems to me, who have known
The effete division between dream and wakefulness:
That waking is a disturbance out of dream.

-- Ronald Tavel